DOCTOR BARBERON.

The Story of a French Trial for Murder.

CHAPTER I —(CONTINUED.)

'I suppose you have been discussing my villianies?' he exclaimed in a dry, sarcastic voice. 'You have all made up your minds that I murdered my wife?'

'No-o,' murmured Maitre Farey and some others; but Colonel Tranchot and his part remained silent.

'I don't care what you think of me,' cried Barceron, hotly. 'This is an infernal machination of my enemies. Because I am not an idiot and a sycophant like themselves, fawning to houses for patients—because I am wont to speak out my mind plainly, without fear of persons, they hate me; and now that I was about to rise to a position in life where I should have overtopped them all, the have sprung this mine to ruin me. That is the whole secret.'

'You can not be ruined if you are innocent,' remarked old Colonel Tranchot, bluntly.

'You think that, do you?' retorted Barberon, with a shrug. 'As if there were not dolts enough, who, whenever a man is accused, pretend "that there is no smoke without fire!" (Here the Colonel gave a jump.) How can I continue to reside in a place where such an accusation has been leveled against me? Ah, those envious scoundrels well knew what they were about when they dealt me this treacherous blow!'

As if overcome by the prospect in store for him, Dr. Barberon pressed his hand to his brow and groaned. I could not help feeling for him. After a moment he raised his glance in search of some sympathetic face, and deserying me standing beside Maitre Farey, he advanced and began to speak to us volubly.

He must have become unconscious of where he was, for he addressed us in an excited, confidential way as though there were no one else in the room.

He expatiated on the disappointments he had endured in his married life; his late wife was a week-witted person of querulous temper, who had never understood him, but all the same he had treated her kindly and had tended her with the utmost devotion in her last sickness. Then he dwelt on his early struggles in his profession. He had never had a patron or a friend; from his school days he owed everything to his perseverance; and now, when at last he had otained an honorable post, and won the affection of a woman whom he loved, and who was fitted to be his helpmate, the cup of happiness was to be dashed down by the vile hand of calumny. It was too hard—by heavens, it was cruel! * * *'

The clock on the mantelshelf struck ten while Dr. Barberon was inveighing against his fate, and he broke off:

'I must be gone,' he said, consulting his watch. 'They are going to disinter my poor wife to-night, and I have been ordered to attend, that I may be confronted with the remains. My God, they want to drive me mad!' * * * And without paying further attention to any of us, he hurried from the room.

'That man is innocent,' remarked Maitre Farey, positively.

'Before six months are past that man will be guillotined,' answered Colonel Tranchot.

CHAPTER II.

The widow whom Dr. Barberon was to marry was a Madame Perreau; a handsome woman of pleasing address, who might have passed for being thirty instead of forty. She came every year to A——, bringing a numerous suite of servants and her little girl, who, at the time of the events I am relating, was ten years old. This child, Aglae by name, was a pale, large-eyed mite, in delicate health, upon whom the mother doted. She seemed to have taken a great fancy to Dr. Barberon, who, on his side, appeared to cherish her more than any creature alive, and had always been unremitting in his attendance on her. The widow said that it was owing to his care that Aglae had not died of consumption, and she hinted that it was partly from gratitude that she was going to marry him; partly, too, that her child might find in Dr. Barberon a second father, willing as well as able to look after her health. It is certain that Madame Perreau would have married no man whom her little daughter disliked; but maternal solicitude was not enough by itself to account for the blooming widow's desire to take a second husband. All who knew her agreed that she was a sociable woman, not fitted to live alone.

Possibly she had conceived a sincere admiration for Dr. Barberon, for women judge men with different eyes from ours. The doctor's vanity, his outbursts of temper, his splenetic invectives against imaginary foes, may have struck her as the outpourings of a mind full of genius. Then, like a warm-hearted woman as she was, it may have flattered her to think that her wealth would be the means of opening a grand career to the man who had wooed her. Madame Perreau's life so far had been rather a strange one. Her first husband, M. Perreau, was a Parisian cafe proprietor, who had kept her ignorant of the fact that he was amassing a large fortune by speculations on the Bourse. During her ten years of married life, Madame Perreau had sat behind the counter in her husband's cafe, adding up accounts and serving out liqueurs; but on becoming a widow, she had unexpectedly stepped into an income of about 8,000l. a year. The change from comparative drudgery to affluence soon consoled her for the loss of a husband who was many years older than herself, and, by all accounts, not a very amiable consort; so that as soon as her year's mourning was ended, she set out on a round of travels to gay cities and watering places. But the pleasures of traveling pall after a few years, and Madame Perreau, who had her child's future establishment in view, bethought her of settling down in some place where she might become the center of a respectable social circle. For this purpose it was necessary she should remarry. As the rich widow of a publican, she was likely to meet with more sycophants than friends; but as the wife of a rising doctor, who might attain to political honors by becoming a deputy, she could lead a very agreeable existence amid select company, and eventually make a capital match for her daughter. That is why she had decided upon becoming Madame Barberon.

Madame Perreau was not a foolish woman. For all her love for showy dresses, luxuries, and amusements, she had a good deal of commercial shrewdness, and never acted without reflection. I suspect that before accepting Dr. Barberon she had taken his moral measure and satisfied herself that she should be able to manage him; whilst he, after studying the widow, must have made up his mind that it would be good for him to be ruled by such a person. Vain men, who are generally moral cowards, deficient in will power, feel the need of a strong, womanly judgment to rely on, and Dr. Barberon's first wife had failed to afford him such a prop. She was weak, and let him have his own way, even when it was detrimental to him; Madame Perreau, who was not a woman to be bullied, would oblige her husband to exercise a self-control which would benefit his interests: and so there was no reason why they should not be happy together.

Under these circumstances the charge of murder brought against Dr. Barberon fell upon the widow's schemes like a thunder-bolt.

I believe all the town had been talking over the affair, before the least rumor of it reached Madame Perreau; for I saw her walking about in public on Barberon's arm several days after the latter was aware of what was bruited against him. Every morning, when it was fine, the widow and her little girl used to go to the Casino to take their sea-baths; in the afternoon they returned very smartly attired, and sat on the terrace overlooking the beach, while the band played. Barberon was always with them. He may have hoped that the evil wind would blow over, and that he would thus be spared the pain, from which his vanity shrank, of letting Madame Perreau learn that he was accused of an odious crime. However, on the day he was summoned before the Public prosecutor, he could keep the secret no loner. He called on the widow and explained in what predicament he stood; and even as he poured out his angry tale into her horrified ears, a police officer arrived with a mandate ordering Madame Perreau to appear before ths Procureur to undergo interrogations on the morrow. All this took place about a couple of hours before Dr. Barberon came to the club where occurred the scene already described.

I left the club twenty minutes after Barberon; and M. Farey accompanied me. We lodged in the same quarter of the town, and our way lay past the villa which Madame Perreau rented. As we approached we perceived that the house was in great confusion. Lights gleamed in all the windows; servants were hurrying to and fro; and there stood a fly at the door with some luggage already piled on the roof.

'That woman is about to do a silly thing,' remarked Farey, stopping on the pavement. 'If she bolts, she will harm Barberon and herself, too. I think I'll go in and warn her.'

'She may not like your interference,' I observed, taking my British view of duty towards one's neighbor.

'Women require advice in these scrapes,' replied the barrister; 'women act in a panic without foreseeing consequences. Come in; don't let us argue when it is a question of doing a kindness.'

Maitre Farey was a burly, impulsive, rather slovenly man, from forensic habit, was always on the side of those whom justice vexed. He had defended hundreds of prisoners, and, being always arrayed against the Public Prosecutor, had come to look upon that functionary as his natural enemy. I do not think that he was actuated in the present instance by any desire to play a part in what he foresaw might be a 'cause celebre,'(though of course, to provincial advocates such causes are a godsend) but he knew Madame Perreau, and liked her. I also knew her, and followed Farey into the house, feeling sorry for the widow, and somewhat curious to see how she would bear herself. It was eight o'clock, and not too late for paying a visit, according to French etiquette.

The first thing we saw in the front hall was little Aglae muffled up in wraps, and crying bitterly. She sat forlorn on a portmanteau with no one to attend her, for the servants were racing about with boxes and parcels. We passed into the drawing-room, and found Madame Perreau in a traveling dress and bonnet, packing things feverishly into a dressing bag. Her features were discomposed from fright, and her mind was so far away from her occupation that she picked up things without looking at them, stowing trifles and valuables pell-mell. She glanced up as we entered, and, reading sympathy on our faces, let hands drop to her side and moved her lips in nervous twitching; then she tottered to a chair and burst into tears, hiding her face in her handkerchief. 'Oh! this is dreadful!' she sobbed. 'What am I to do? Have you ever heardof such a thing as this accusation of murder?'

'Don't be distressed, Madame Perreau,' said Farey, soothingly. 'Everything will come out right if you bear up. But you must not think of running away.'

'Am I to stay here, then, and be harried with questions?' cried the widow, rocking herself. 'The Procureur has sent me a summons.'

'Reason the more for obeying it. If you fled he might have you brought back by the police.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Italian paper avers that the Ex-King of Naples has called on the Italian Government to restore his mother's dowry of 600,000 francs, assigned her by Charles Albert, and now lying in the Bank of Naples, but his application is not likely to be acceded to.

The Kladderadatsch of Berlin advises the English Government to promote the King of the Zulus to the rank of General, and make him Commander-in-Chief of the English armies in Afghanistan.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The Love Passages in the Lives of an Aunt and Nephew.

[Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal.]

This morning, in the United States Court, the case of Nancy V. Campbell vs. Orson L. Crampton, an action to recover $10,000 for breach of promise of marriage, was proceeded with. The plaintiff, although aunt of the defendant, and half sister of his mother, is still young, very beautiful and prepossessing, with an abundance of wavy dark hair crowning a shapely head and finely cut features of the Grecian type. She was richly dressed, and her whole appearance was of a character to prepossess the audience present in her favor. The defendant is six years her senior, pale-featured, and has light hair.

The counsel for the plaintiff opened the case, after which Miss Campbell took the stand. In response to questions by counsel, she detailed how she came to love the defendant, and how, at Mobile, in 1874, while both were there, they pledged themselves to be true to each other as long as they lived. This pledge was made one afternoon while out riding. Afterwards she came North, and in the fall of 1875, at Batavia, in this State, the defendant came North, saw and accompanied her to her brother's at Fairfield, Michigan, where he staid a week and then returned to Mobile. At this time the engagement of marriage, as is alleged, was renewed. Miss Campbell remained in Michigan a year, then went to Lockport and remained two years, afterwards returning to Michigan for a time. The counsel read several letters from the defendant to the plaintiff in the interim. On November 6, 1875, he wrote, describing how pleasantly his rooms were located, and that his enjoyment of them would be perfect if only his precious darling was with him. He reiterated professions of devoted affection, and subscribed himself "Your affectionate husband."

On November 13th, 1875, he wrote that he had received a sad letter from his love, and almost shed tears over it. He asserted in it that he was bound to her by every tie of honor, principle and love, and she could never fully estimate the strength of his faith, truth and abiding love. The letter closed: "I clasp you to my heart and kiss you repeatedly. Good night." On November 19th, 1875, he wrote that he had set agoing all the wires for their marriage the next year. He thought of her every hour, and wondered whether she thought of him.

He continued: "You see, darling, I appreciate what I have in you, and never will I fail to love you. Just come in this evening and I will hold you in my lap and tell you of the love I bear you. If you could see in my heart you would see that it is all your own. You are my wife in all things, and I will keep my health and live for your sake." In a letter dated January 16th, 1876, he describes what a charming morning it is, and pictures in imagination a ride down the bay with her.

He affirms his belief in her truth and love, and—in his mind—takes her in his arms and kisses her. In conclusion he says: "Wait patiently and I will come to you, my darling, precious wife." In a letter of February 25th, 1875, he apologizes for his dilatoriness in writing, and says he feels he is doing her a great injury in forcing her to lead a single life so long. He would like to have her drop in and sit on his lap, and he would fold her in his arms and kiss her tenderly. He hoped God would keep her true and pure always.

On January 12th, 1878, he addressed her as "my dear Nancy," and intimated that though he was rapidly speeding on life's journey he was grateful that he had the love and confidence of so good and true a Christian woman. Again, on the 25th of the same month he wrote, professing ardent affection. She was in Michigan when this was received, and heard nothing further from him until May, 1878.

She wrote to him three times, and yet received no answer. The anxiety attendant thereon made her sick, and after recovering she went to Mobile to ascertain the cause. On arriving she went to a hotel and sent to Orson a card with the name of Mrs. Patterson, requesting him to call. He came, and on recognizing her said, "Why, Nancy, what does this mean?" She replied that she had come to find out. She told him her anxiety and fear that he was ill, as she had not heard from him in six months, and feared he was about to marry another. He said: "Nancy, do you think I have no honor left? Could I marry any other woman than you?"

She remained in Mobile three days, and then returned to Chicago. He accompanied her to the cars, and said that he was doing well and that his practice was worth $7,000 a year. His last words on parting with her were: "Cheer up; don't be sad. Remember, I shall be with you in a little while, and then we will be married." On her return to Michigan, after remaining seven weeks in Chicago, she found a letter from Orson awaiting her, dated from Wheeling Springs, Virginia, August 13th, 1878.

In this he said he had gone to the Springs for his health and was improving. He then said he had come to the conclusion that their course in life must and ought to be a separate one and that he had determined to marry a lady whom he had met at the Springs, with whom his life could be pleasantly passed without interference of relatives.

He was so changed that he was not the ideal man she had loved. He asked God to bless her, and would always feel a sincere friendship for her even though she might turn against him with bitter hatred. This was the last letter received, and on returning to Lockport soon after she began this suit. The lady's voice had a tender cadence as she recited the parting scene in Mobile, and when the letters were read her dark eyes filled with tears. The counsel for the defense cross-examined the plaintiff at some length, mainly with a view of drawing out the fact that she was a resident of Michigan, and not of New York, during the past few years, and that under the laws of Michigan as well as of Alabama her marriage with the defendant was forbidden by the degree of kinship exi-ting between them.

She was also questioned as to her parents, and said her father died when she was six or seven years old, and she had not seen her mother since that time, and did not know whether she was living or dead. She had resided with relatives mostly all her life, a number of years being passed with defendant's mother. Some of her letters to the defendant were shown and identified by her.

The defendant, in his answer to the complaint, admits the promise made in Mobile, but denies that in New York. The evidence in the case had not been concluded up to 3 p. m.